

Poetry Series

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari
- poems -

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Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari(Nov 19,1978)

It is my true mind,
And untainted heart talking;
NOT a POET...
I never do Poetry,
I just put my heart on paper...

"I can not teach anybody anything; I can only make them think."

Socrates

I have never claimed that I am a poet. I am just a thinker and I believe; anyone who can think and can make others think; can do poetry. Anyone who can hear the cuckoo's song, and can sing the unheard melodies; can do poetry. Anyone who can feel the pain of loss, and knows the ecstasy of love; can do poetry. Poetry can't be learned or taught, unless it is running in our veins.

I have never tried to follow any rules; I do poetry as it comes to me. I believe; and can feel the presence of some Higher Power, while writing my mind, heart and soul on paper. Sometimes I lose my rhythm, and then I realize that I have lost balance in my thoughts. Sometimes I can find that balance in the nature around me, and sometimes I get more confused. Rhythm is always secondary to thought, and it is definitely the music of nature. And every thought can be rhythmic, if we have a creative sense of music in our souls. To do good poetry the ability to sense and thirst to explore the Truth and Virtue is as vital as Oxygen to life. If we don't have that sense and thirst of Truth and Virtue inside us, no matter how rhythmic we are; we can never do good poetry. And the central to all; one must be as free as a bird in the infinite sky, while doing poetry; which is not always possible. And I must say that even masterfully crafted verses can't capture a mind, unless dipped in the sweat of perspiring pain and the fountain of ecstatic joy. So, poetry is a blend of our emotions, thoughts, beliefs and above all our instinctive dimensions and desires. And if it is spontaneous, effortless and at the same time preserves the essence of all required ingredients; then surely words can make wonders.

Indeed, this life is sometimes like a prison. There are many things we follow, and many things we have to do without our will. Sometimes we have a free will, and mostly we are like slaves. One must be a learner all the life. One must seek the truth, and try to find it in everything.

And I will never mind shouting these words in the ear of each and every soul on

the face of the earth.

“Explore life, observe the self and others; and then analyze. Don't follow what is given to you; follow what purity of your soul tells you. Listen to your inner self, be kind to yourself and others; enhance your understanding, and always love yourself and others. Make divine love your weapon to combat the pains and sorrows of life and always remember- Love is not what you fall for; it is what you stand for- And only True Love, Mindfulness and unconditional service to humanity can make this life worth-living for eternity.”

In the end I would ask my readers to read my poems like you are reading my life. And feel free to like or dislike, appreciate or criticize; whatever you say and do my friends; I would never mind. Just be sincere to yourself and respond truthfully after reading this poetry, which is nothing; but my life.

Thank you

God bless everyone

Dr Syed Kamran H Bukhari
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A Black Cat Of My Life

When last time you said, Kamran!
Hold me underneath your blemished skin;
I fear you would never embrace my lips again
With your sour tears;
I wish you could come and see,
How I sleep with a haunting fear
That it would be a long life without you.

Dec 29,2009

4: 00 am

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Fool Is Happier Than You

Crimson lights of innate desires
Reincarnating the germs of my lustful heart
Beauty of my gifted brain
Walking like a horny cat on its naked feet
Hold on
My mind, heart and soul
Please hold on

Kamran!
You need not this world
Neither the glittery rays of false hopes
Emerging through the skins of true beauties
Nor the orgasmic surges of illusory lust
Falling from the heights of erected fantasies

Kamran!
You are naïve
You know not the real story
Don't inquire that from every soul
Nobody knows it
Except yours own severed self

The eve is gloomy
The day was tiring
The night would be restless
You have wasted all your life
Thinking, thinking and thinking
And in the end what you have got
A painful insight
And the vision of a fortune teller
You know what gonna happen next
But you can never change it

Kamran!
I ask you
Please don't interpret your vague dreams
Don't search for the hidden signs
Don't turn your ears to the unheard melodies
Don't feel the pulse of dying humanity

Just live like a fool
I assure you
You'll be happier than ever

June 16,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Gloomy Thursday

Evening of a gloomy Thursday,
Humming an ancient melody;
Hypnos and Morpheus are dead now,
Selene no more loves Endymion,
No Lethe flows in the Abode of the Dead;
Still each mortal is in deep hypnosis.

Can you find me some crack?
In return I'll give you,
All my dreams,
Which I lived during this long somnolence;
I'll also confer,
All my raw hopes,
And all my wild felicities;
Then I'll never see you again...

May 15,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Life Invisible

smell of futile sweat
surges of androgenic blood
blossomed lily sweating more
anorgasmic frustration
midsummer night's dysphoria
flushing faces kneeling down
mercy showered at last
upon dehydrated necessity
I am an invisible creature
the one minute old babe cried
pack up time now
money is not enough sir
she insisted for more
he threatened her of incarceration
and yelled with protruded eye balls
you know not, I am the lord of this land
she bowed one last time and left

doc! can you get rid of this filth?
how much can you pay?
o' come on
you must have charged more
when it was barely few minutes old
no doc!
believe me
he gave me no extra
just ten rupees tip
and a new life
unwanted and shameful

a week passed in pain
then one gorgeous full moon night
the invisible life
reincarnated in her dream
and whispered in her resting ear
the words are still echoing in her mind
though a lifetime passed

mum, I was not uninvited
I was sent to purify you
but you got rid of me as I was filth
you never held me in your arms
neither did I suckled upon your breast
nor you ever gave me a name
still I would always live in your mind
like a buzzing thought
invisible yet overriding

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Missed Shot

Alien thoughts come to my mind,
Whenever I am afraid of thinking,
You were talking to someone in soft-velvety voice,
And I overheard those magic words;
Is this the same spell or,
Am I dying-?
Weep not today,
Save your tears,
To cry over the fallen towers,
Rebuilt by the skeleton of our deceased hopes -

Just look up,
Then look down;
What you saw or felt?
Was nothing but,
An illusion,
Rationalized with perfection -
Weep not today,
Hold my hand for an eternal moment,
Dampen it with your frozen tears;
And wrap me in the fleece of your inhumane dreams-

Hey!
Don't cry over my filthy corpse,
You didn't kill me;
It was just,
A missed shot -

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Poet

Ignorance
Should flow in my head
As I've known nothing
Still
How can I?
Play such tricky games
With my otherwise
Naïve pen
Materialized mind
And crystallized heart

Please don't think of me
An oracle
I'm just
An ignorant

Your pen spitting black ink like phlegm
Alphabets dancing like an amateur
Words concealing the true story
Metaphors so embarrassed like a bad comedian
Expression so artificial like of a cloned sheep
And
Then you call yourself
A Poet

Wow- Kamran!
You have done a great job
Such a big lie
I speak to myself
Like a chocolaty truth
Whenever I produce
A good-looking poem

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Rootless Existence

Severed from self
It is just
A selfless existence
Of this body
Made up of mere clay

Nomadic thoughts
Your mind loves to create
Untrodden paths
Your feet tend to walk
Unknown words
Your tongue slips to pronounce
Speak with care
You are not allowed
To say
What has not been told to you
Yet

My Love should be fearless
Then
Why all the time I have worries
Of my poor self
My pocket is crying for
The chocolates
My daughter loves to eat
My wife is building a new home
On the graveyard of my old dreams
My shoes have grown a little older too
Like the sadness in my mother's eyes
I can replace my middle-aged lusterless shoes
With the young ones having a pristine shine
But what should I do
To rejuvenate the marks of happiness
In my mother's lifeless eyes
And
In my life's soulless existence

This life is nothing
But a wakeful dream

I was predisposed to live
Then
Why am I rebellious
To my default operating system
I keep on customizing
My intrinsic programming
With an artificial intelligence
Errors and bloopers
And what I get in the end
Is nothing but
A rootless existence

Nov 29,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Walk In The Rain (1)

cell phone ringing
I thought its church's bell
o' I am already late
got to meet the hope of the nation
it was the darkest dawn of this summer
so far
raining like it would be hell soon
I was driving by the canal
and saw an angel walking in the rain
just a glimpse
and it transformed in to a body of flesh
just a lustful inspiration
collaboration of the sex hormones
a body burnt in the rain
a body thirsty in the rain

cell phone ringing again
o' hope of the nation
what do you want?
this time I had to take this call
but I couldn't
and kept the hope on waiting
I stopped the car
close to her muddy sneakers
where are you going?
may I dropp you somewhere?
she said politely
I love walking in the rain
disappointed for a second
responded shamelessly
can I walk beside you?
holding your left hand in my right one
she said nothing
I took it a yes
parked the car
switched off the cell phone
and started walking with her

To be continued...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Walk In The Rain (2)

do you speak?
yes I do
lovely, at least you said it once
hope by the end of this walk
you would say twice more
she smiled
so, what do you do?
other than luring the walking beauties
I do many things
can't stick to one
can I hold your hand?
not a good idea
you just said
you can't stick to one
hey! come on
I didn't mean it that way
I couldn't resist
and the moment tips of my fervent fingers
touched her wet hand
she uttered silently
yes I do
I heard that through her eyes
responded with a little giggle
she gazed in the depth of my eyes
and spoke in the tone of Venus

listen dear!
live this moment
feel the touch of indulgent rain drops
on your sizzling skin
don't make it complicated
keep it simple and serene
who knows what life would bring us
next moment
you never know
had you ever expected
that we would meet like this
so just don't think too much
that's it dear!

got to go now
can I see you again?
she boldly kissed my cheek
and gone with the wind
as she left
it felt like
my soul is no more in my body

To be continued...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

A Walk In The Rain (3)

she was gone
the rain stopped
and sun got its shine renovated
with sinking heart and heavy feet
I stepped back
left my soul at her door
o' I forgot to ask her name
Kamran!
how stupid you are?
should I go back?
no, what would she think?
what would I say?
whom I want to meet?
"a beauty I met in the rain"
o' you fool Kamran!
you didn't even ask her contact number
she told you nothing
and you left your invisible soul
at her door as a souvenir
which she would never see
and where in the world
you expect that she would feel for you

with such dismal thoughts in my head
I reached, where I parked my car
and got shocked
you here! ! !
yes I want to ask you something
okay go ahead
will you hold my hand till my last breath?
I smiled
and it started raining again
I held her left hand in my right one
and started walking to the river of Lethe*

River of Lethe*: Lethe is the river of oblivion or forgetfulness in the Underworld in Greek mythology. The dead would drink the waters of Lethe to forget their

earthly existence.

Oct 01,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

After 40 Years

You might laugh at me tonight,
But after forty years from now;
If you survived the promo of Armageddon,
You would cry, and surely vocalize,
O' God! He was right.

Pay heed to my humble voice;
I am not kidding here,
Only one race would survive;
And that would be the most violent one.
I do not care, if it makes you annoyed;
Love won't thrive, just Hatred would rise.

What do you think?
I am a cynic making dark assumptions;
I am a voice coming from the eyes
Of burnt corpses screaming for more life.
Do I sound like a corrupt President?
I don't think so; neither have you felt that,
Then why would I deceive my own people
By inventing lies.

One thing if you could know,
Merely which can darn our Fate;
That is the name of God,
Which only beats in the hearts.
God is neither yours nor mine;
If we can stop snatching God
From each other's minds;
Let It flow through the hearts,
Let It grow through the souls.
Then I would be proven wrong
And could happily die;
If I would survive
Forty years of more anarchy and vice.

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Aging

Brown faces turning to a beam of dim light
Being crushed by the feet of walking Sun
Like an old mill making the off-white flour
From whole grains of
Infected wheat

Who ate all the wheat pills?
Why is the invisible worm
Still surviving
On the bed of poisonous misery

Am I that mill owner?
Came here to record my statement
In front of the Honorable Jury
From Accountability Bureau
Of Black Sheep

Am I guilty?
Of making ashen flour out of
Infected wheat
When
I took all the precautions
I should had

Still it got infected
As it grew
From the buds of innocence
And withered slowly
Because of the dark-secret love
Of the unloved cankers

I asked myself again and again
These illogical questions
Only to make myself more delirious
Though
Reminiscence is still vivid
And I couldn't find
A single miscalculation of mine
Yet

I do confess
That I am Guilty
Of cultivating a dying life

Though I took enough precautions
Though I relentlessly strived to keep it fresh
Though I constantly kept a vigilant eye
On all the possible hazards
Could had come to me
And to my crops
Still it got flaccid
Still it got wrinkled
With each knock
Of maturing chronometer

Oct 31,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Alone

Yesterday
Gone with the wind
Today
Kissing my mortal eyes
Tomorrow
Knocking at my door
Day after tomorrow
May be I would be no more

Hitherto
I have remained alone
Thereafter
I would remain alone

People come and go
Meet and greet
Weep and mock
Speak and listen
Then leave with a fake smile
Masking the marks of infinite woe
And finally disappear
In the mist of capricious time

What remains in the end
Is nothing
But
Me for Me

Jan 18,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Ambivalence

the day before yesterday
I was the same man but an idiot
who wanted to rise above the sky
who wanted to become a better fool

it was then an old beggar whispered
wisdom comes not by rise in status
serenity is never the need of riches
self realization can't be achieved
even with billions of dollars
president of a state
might be the poorest person of all
having an empty-apatetic mind
and lost insight
what you are running after Kamran!
can never make you happy and wise

while walking back home
the words of that poor soul
kept on echoing in my mind
I had to pay the utility bills of this month
but I was thinking about self actualization
eyes of my lost mind were forcefully opened
when my wife asked
where have you been?
you know what time is it?
and look you came home empty handed
you didn't even bring me matching shoes
my friend's wedding is in couple of days
but you care for nothing

I heard her silently and ignored
went to my study room
locked the door then opened my diary
and wrote these words for none other than
myself

"I know not
whether I was made for a particular purpose

or just to fulfill the duties of a common man
but I know one thing
if I want to live content
then I can't afford ambivalence
if I choose one
I would definitely lose the other
and if I choose both
I got to keep balance
betwixt the two"

I got what I needed to do
to mix oil with water

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Amputated Dreams

Cracks in my ugly mind
Broken hearts of egoistic sighs
Looking down
The streets of deserted highs
Dancing legs
And mystic eyes
Floor is all wet
But she is dancing wise
Please save me Lord
From this agonizing noise
O' my God!
Either You are a tough examiner
Or I suppose to fall after every rise
My mother wants to see me
As if I am of a baby size
She wants to hold me tight
Against her bosom
For always
Look
There is blood everywhere
She is dead
And my dreams
Both lower limbs amputated
Still a Mona Lisa smile
Dances on the dry lips
Of our dreams

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

An Elegy

A Broken ray,
Comes to me.
I know,
It's your reflection;
But, it's cold.
My cold-blooded fingers can't catch the fire,
Still, I want to write an elegy,
On your Birthday,
On Christmas Eve.
My hands are frozen,
And have no bones;
I feel the cold,
All over my comatose body.
And it's because,
I have lost you.
□

December 24,2001

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

An Objective Exam With Subjectivity

You must tell me
What my ears are used to listen
Don't show me
Your creative skills
Or logical brain

I am not interested in the recent evidence
Show me what I have been doing
For years

You may know a lot
But I am not convinced
You will have to follow my foot steps
To get through this desirable degree
Then you would acquire
The license to play with so called sick minds

Mind it my son!
For that
You will have to go against
Your personality or school of thought
What you have been practicing for years
You have to forget it all and follow us

As we don't need innovative minds
And visionary poets
We just want followers

May 16,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Analysis

A book written in some ancient dialect
interpreted by me
who didn't even know
the name of that lingo
I read that loudly
and made people believe
like I badly wanted them
to keep their faith strong
in the unknown and unseen

O' God!
what I did -
but it wasn't totally my fault
how could I know You
when You never revealed
Yourself
I again used my own judgment
I analyzed You once more
with my limited mind and narrow vision
created by none other than You

April 10,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Angel Called Love

Thy little hands and twinkling eyes
Narrating a story of the whimsical hope
Which emerged through the black sky
In the sheer dark of fear and despair

Thou art so young my friend
But the words thy tongue doth speak
Mesmerize me like I had an ancient wine
Served by none other than the great Socrates

Thou art frail and tender
Yet I've seen thy valor
Terrorizing the mighty and cruel
Making them to genuflect
Whenever they catch a glimpse of thee

Thou art the savior of my tormented self
Thou art the healer of my aching heart
Thou art the hope of my fearful mind
Thou art my real friend
In the good or worse
Whatever life would bring for us
Thou would be there

My friend
I could never return thee
The myriad love
Like thou have showered
Upon my heart, body and soul
Yet I just have to whisper to the wind
Blowing from my land to thy unknown abode afar
I was touched by an angel called Love yesteryears
And I am living with this unfulfilling wish since
Would I ever be touched again?

Aug 03,2009

Another New Year

It's party time, honey!
Why you are sad?
At this hour of universal happiness;
At this moment of fragile ecstasy.
Everybody is so happy and resplendent,
Then why you sit with a gloomy face;
Under the shadows of forecasted fears.
My love!
You are my sole hope,
You got to live many more new years
Happy and I won't mind, even if oblivious.

I am not sad dear,
I am just little worried;
You cannot see what I am looking at,
And if you get a glimpse;
You would cry for years to come.

Another year of war, blood, disease, hunger
And sheer darkness;
Inflicted by our own mirror images.

-Kamran Haider
Written On
Jan 01,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

At The Lower End Of Life

a thought so inconvenient
a name so familiar
a soul so repellent
a life so obnoxious

bring me to life again
o' my innocent lower case human
what have you done to yourself?
you were the best ever creation of Almighty
might be you still are
but what have you done to yourself?

bring me your head
and let me check your sick brain
let me elicit the first rank symptoms
let me test your abstract thinking
alas! what have you done to yourself?

sitting in the abyss of oblivion
at the lower end of life
I am calling your name o' man!
make me alive again
reincarnate me from tomb of the damned
live once again like Muhammad and Moses
die once more like Jesus Christ
then rise yet again from the vacuum of ignorance
and then evaporate yourself into the mist of eternity

Sep 26,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Avant-Garde

Timeless thoughts are often delusional
You said so
When I told you the real code of our life
So bluntly you said that
Why you always mix the subjectivity of your mind
While perceiving the simple and known realities

Today I overheard you saying
Silently and invisibly
I tapped your mind
When you were talking to an image of air

Kamran!
You told me the right thing
But I didn't even give a damn
Now when you are gone
I have to say that
No matter you would ever know
Or my words would go in vain
You have always been ahead of our times

Feb 05,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Ballet

o' good to see you tonight
here to watch ballet
nah just my ballerina
quite a feast for the eyes
for your eyes might be
but surely for my heart

to the tune of my throbbing heart
she was dancing ballet all that night
she bent and swayed
bowed and swept
stood on her pointe
and walked towards me

she belonged to a prince
who never knew
what her heart wants
she turned her back
on my heart
opted the fort
and incarcerated for life

my eyes could see
my heart could feel
my soul could mingle
my body could stir
she walked on her pointe
straight towards me
pierced my heart
slashed my soul
held me in her arms
and asked for a dance
i know not how to dance
ballerina
i am a foolish-unaccustomed doctor
and sometimes an emotional poet
never mind that doc
i show you how to dance

we spent that night dancing ballet
in the morning she cried her heart
each single tear had a name of me
she told me, she can't be mine
though she was born only for me
she had to live against her will
she departed in silence
with my heart beating in her bosom
and left something for me at the door
a pair of her worn pointe shoes

Oct 15,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Birth Of The Ashes

A fire fighting within
Smoke all over my soul
Extinguished desires
Burn me one more time
Remains are striving
A new man would grow
From the ashes of myself

Dec 22,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Break Thy Pen

You think for hours,
Still unable to write;
A mesmerizing poem,
A word of hope,
A verse of faith
And a sentence
To death
Of this endless pain;
Of this ordinary life.

Kamran!
Please break this pen of yours
And hold a stick instead;
Then find the way
To salvation
Of your blind soul.

Dec 13,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Breaking Up

A dream walking on its toes
A noise of my breaking soul
I heard a voice of a child crying
Yes, I want more
The ego screamed
No, don't move
Dream frozen at its feet
Rattle of another battle
What the hell is going on

My life was taking a nap
In the meadows of oblivious sleep
Awaken with the terror of recurring past
Ran towards the future of melting dreams
Fate was a silent observer of the whole scenario
Until the child cried once more

I was fallen yet again
Shattered into countless pieces
Dew drops shimmering with a naïve desire
Over the magnum opus of my broken self
Whispering 'once more' as it still remains
A man in white uninterested and mechanical
Whistling a novel tune and cleaning the mess

P.S. Written subsequent to the idea given by a very good friend and a very fine poet herself, Dr Indira Babbellapati (Professor of English, Andhra University) .

Oct 27,2009

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Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Chains Of Love

A tiny glimpse would change
the whole scenario of life,
I said so...

You shouldn't have looked that way,
you shouldn't have passed by my side:
a divine awakening of my limited vision,
a brief encounter of our secret desires,
and it wasn't same for us;
no more...

Chains of love all around our souls,
separated by infinite miles,
restricted by cultural norms,
still our apparently two different hearts
beating at the same pace,
our seemingly two opposite minds
chewing the same thought,
and our undoubtedly two estranged souls
incarcerated with the same manacle
called love.

March 26,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Coffee Shop

not sure but it was an eve around Christmas
squeezing my whole existence in my right hand
masking my real self from mirrors around
sitting in the left corner of a legendary cafe
waiting for a cup of black coffee

a hopeless cry of a dying egoist
managed to reach my ear
among the piles of foolish giggles
my ears could make out an invisible sob
eyes searched for the wounded all over
nobody was heartbroken around
I wasn't hallucinating for sure
yet no one else could hear the groans
all were happy in oblivion
merely me concerned for the forlorn
in the focus of an ethereal coffee shop

sir!
would you need more tissues
no thanks, i am done
would leave in a minute
only that waiter and God could see
who cried over his dead heart
that lovely-brunette evening
on the verge of a new year
many years back

Nov 07,2009
0030

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Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Come My Love

Hey!
come on over
come and reside in my arms
each single cell of my body
has had been waiting
for this one true time
since Adam ate the forbidden fruit
with Eve

Come and make me divine
with the touch of your dusky eyes
come on over
my love, my pain
my ecstasy, my life
and my death

Come and hold me in your arms
come and save me my goddess
for you I live my love
come and hold me tight
for one eternal moment
as this flash of time would never recur
as I would never ask you again
as this is the grand finale of our love story

Come my love
come on over
my love, my pain
my ecstasy, my life
and my death

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Complicatedly Simple

Today
Words can explain me
I am no more complicated now
But
I am still confused
My eyes are focusing
On a red light
Emerging through
Your blue eyes
Or
Through infinity
I know
I can't reach You
But I'll follow You
Wherever You go
I'll be crawling
Behind You
Sniffing the dust
Of Your red feet
It's a problematic
Mathematical equation
Which is impossible to solve
Or
To stand with an equilibrium
On the rope of Life and Death
But
I made it
Someone held my hand
And I crossed all the way
Through the rope of Life and Death

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Consummation

Kamran

You should not fear any more
You must say it all
What you haven't said yet

The day when a benign hope got malignant
The night when juvenile dreams grew old
The dawn of lucid interval
The afternoon of wilderness
And the evening of self realization

Kamran

God is the ultimate truth
And so you are
Sent as a commoner
To make this ordinary world
A better abode to live in
For your flesh and blood
And for your facsimiles
Who are at times worse
And mostly better than the original
Who are erratically fallen
And normally upright even when oppressed

This day has not been listed
In any calendar human form has ever known
This is the day of consummation
For this omitted mankind
This is the day of the decisive triumph
For this tyrannized humanity

Kamran

Fear no more
You won't be crushed any more
Underneath the feet of superficial divinity
As you have found the ultimate God
Who is the most Beneficent
And the most Merciful

Feb 02,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Cursed

She told me all her pain
I looked at her dismal face and said
It's alright honey!
You are not the only one□
We all are suffering

A crack in the mind of a genius
A hole in the heart of a lover
A veil on the eyes of a painter
And a lock on the lips of an orator

I am cursed sir
Melancholia surrounds me
Death calls my name from unknown land
Hope is in loss these days and help suffers a fatal famine
Mood fluctuates and thoughts are heading to a tunnel
Love is no more there though it all the time beats in the mind

What should I do sir?
Can you help me -
With your truthful mind and sincere heart
When I am being cursed by the Master of all

Aug 02,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Death Of An Infant

I can see her crying
In my dreams
In my wakeful hours
I held her tight
Against my frail chest
She cried like an infant
Who just emerged
Through the womb of
Athena
Oh
She broke into pieces
I stole one gem
Out of one thousand pieces of her
And walked away in despair

Dec 14,2007

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Delusional-?

Everybody wants me to write
About love, joy, ecstasy and romance
How can I?
When I only find sheer darkness
In the heart of every soul I mingle with
Since born on the bosom of the Mother Earth

Today I hear the verdict
By the Chief Justice of our times
That my excruciating words are nothing
But the subjectivity of my diseased mind

I admit this imposed fact
Though I know it very well
That the fact is merely a delusion

Feb 18,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Delusions

God

I used to say,
I am a god of my own-self,
Today,
My head is lying in the dust,
And my eyes are looking at my head,
Like a convicted-felon looks at the innocence;
Of his dying soul...

God

I used to say,
Nothing is impossible for me,
Today,
I am dying of hunger;
With lust in my eyes,
I stare at a leftover loaf by a dog,
But I find no hands to pick it up...

God

I used to say
I love her more than I love You,
Today,
I am sitting alone in my dreary room,
Waiting for her to come,
She never comes,
And I see You,
Wiping away the tears
From my sodden cheeks...□

April 28,2002

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Dignity Of The Damned?

Foul smelling smiles,
Making me obnoxious.
I don't know; what better could I do?
I shouldn't breathe anymore;
This air of our faithless life.

We are the hopeless nation,
Surviving the filthy hands of corrupt leadership;
Muttering gossip on the blasts of frustration.
Bleeding kids of the damned fathers,
Unfaithful children of the widowed mothers;
We are the proud nation harboring nuclear weapons.
Wow! What a disposition we own;
Slaughterers we produce; Martyrs we bury.

My friends are annoyed,
For my outrageous talk.
I would merely say, what I have learned;
From the minds of paranoid folks,
From the hearts of abducted souls.

You cannot live like that;
Either change yourselves or accept you are slaves
Of your lustful bodies and narrow minds.
O' God! They say they are Your men and women;
What You do in response to their affiliation-
Either You cry Your heart out,
Or smile on their fake dignity?

Dec 10,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Divine Touch

Today;
My mind asks me
To create a basket full of blossomed Daffodils
With the beauty of my ambiguous thoughts.
Why is so?
That this art has had remained concealed;
May be I had a fear
Of getting severed
From my childhood friends,
Who has had been there for three decades now.
Misery, Pain and Dysphoria,
All gone
Merely with one touch of Divinity.

Oct 30,2008

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Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Don't Say No To Me

Hey!

I am talking to you honey
You with coral lips and dusky hairs
When you smile with your brunette eyes
Why do I feel the rapture in my crimson heart?

Hey!

Can you hear me the goddess of moon?
I am your Endymion, awoken from eternal sleep
Come on hold me tonight, this moment won't recur
Love unveils itself at a flawless moment
Come and freeze this second
Believe me, this singular flash of time
Would always travel parallel to our ordinary lives
Till we pass on and resurrect in the Elysium of our dreams
Don't say no to me; you are what I beat and breathe
Don't deny a heart, which merely knows to love only you

Hey Kamran!

You are the lover one would crave for
Yet I can't hold your hand
A wise man told me once
In Rome, do as Romans do
It's a norm in the world I live
That we don't care for true hearts
We are predisposed to live the way of wits
There is no logic in love and I believe in reason
Give me a rationale, why should I come to you?

My love!

Come and listen to my aching heart
Look at the craving in my fervent eyes
I have no reason, rationale or logic
Why do I love you?
I don't know, but I love you and won't stop loving you
Though it has been years since my eyes have touched you
I have no reason to do that still I love you
Please come to me
Don't say no to me; you are what I beat and breathe
Don't deny a heart, which merely knows to love only you

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Eid

This is that time of the passing year
When sorrows are no more here
When love blossoms in every heart
When joy giggles in the air

Smile! And spread it like influenza
Wipe the tears of the heartbroken
Woe is no more needed this day
Feel the festivity in each word spoken

Bliss is the name of the Eid
Tolerance and empathy is the lesson
Love yourself as well as others
Happiness has no color or discrimination

Eid day is all about humanity
Joy for all, Sorrow for none

Eid Greetings To All

Sep 20,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Emotional Impotence

What's your name?

No one

Ahan, that sounds interesting

What do you do?

Nothing

Okay

Where do you live?

No where

So, how do you live?

I live no more

Then, who am I talking to?

Yourself

That sounds pretty weird

No, it's not

Is there a God?

I don't know

Then who knows that?

Him

Why do you pray then?

I don't

But I have seen you praying

It wasn't for Him

I like you

It doesn't matter to me

What matters then?

Me

March 2,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Evolution

Those days of creativity were so traumatic
Yet beautiful
These days of intelligence are so rewarding
Yet painful

Those days of ignorance were so odd
Yet lucid
These days of wisdom are so acknowledged
Yet lunatic

July 30,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Extended Imagination

Dreaming in my wakeful hours;
I am tired of this extended imagination.
Life is an art,
I know;
I am much better than
Da Vinci, Picasso or Van Gogh,
Still I can't break this code;
I can't paint the landscape of my life
On the canvas of my brain.

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Feigning

A fine sunny day it was;
Not a public holiday,
Still I was in my bed
With aching-pleasure
Of my melancholic dreams.

Wake up, Kamran!
What a beautiful day it is;
What a lovely breeze of benign hopes,
Knocking at your secluded door.
Come on, dear oblivious soul!
No more you need to dwell
In the shelter of psychedelic smoke.
Rise up! Love is calling your name.

Well, again you making me fool;
I am no more detached from reality.
I know your intention of creeping
In the dungeon of my soulless existence.
You want me to fall in love
With the fake beauty of this illusive world;
I know, it's a trap and I am no more an idiot.

Hey!
Please try to understand,
How long you can live?
With such a painful existence;
You don't deserve to cry,
When all smiling, though fake it is.

My dear romantic self!
Happiness can never be fictitious,
If I got to feign
To satisfy my covetous heart;
I would better love to live in pain,
And to die in peace with Truth
Smiling on my face.

Dec 05,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Fired

she dropped glass full of water
a dropp in her left eye
a dropp of blood from her right foot
which got injured
by the broken piece of glass
more blood
more tears
water turning red
leaving stains on the white-marble flooring
soon the flooring was wiped
once again shining like always
eyes got lusterless and dismal
she started packing her baggage
as ordered by the master of that time
then left the huge mansion of dignity
with heavy feet
and a souvenir in her tummy
the little mistress got fired

Aug 12,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Foreign Body Response

White dust crawling in my mind
Mixing with the fluids of my brain
Precipitating an immune reaction
How many more cells are destined to die
Till this unarmed force of fragile antibodies
Would overcome the foreign body response

I am brown or black
But you are white
I am poor or needy
And you are altruistic
My higher beings love the scent
Sprayed through the images
Of Lincoln and Franklin
And you mighty and generous
Sprinkling dollars on them
To satisfy the lust of their nostrils

Dust got mixed with the blood
Deposited in the valves of the heart
And clotted in the cerebral arteries
A stroke is impending
Death is dancing in my nerves
Life is getting miserable
I am the motherland of dead cells
I am the notorious abode of plagued souls

Hey, there is a hope
You are not dead yet
If the novel cells of your barren soil
Start growing resilient and independent
They can make you live and flourish
Till the Final Day of Judgment

Oct 28,2009

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Growth

a life which wasn't all mine
still I behaved like
I'm the master of my mind
I'm the vendor of my heart
I'm the mate of my soul
and I'm the mender of my destiny

a fate slipped from my hand
I got apprehensive
and demanded the culpable
heart denied showing up
I consulted my mind
what's wrong?
soul was missing
he could guess
for a second I got numb
o' you stupid Kamran!
you sold your soul
to the merchant of your dreams
I immediately summoned
for my sixth sense
what would be the outcome?
she smiled
then whispered to my mind
nothing, this man would grow up

Oct 24,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Hanging Stethoscope

Stethoscope always hanging
Around the handle-lock
Of a rusty-broken cupboard

I have been coming to this place
For an year now
But it always remains here
Moving like a pendulum
Simulating the intrusive thoughts
Of my so called sick mind

My doctor never wears it
Around his neck
I would keep on thinking about it
For hours when I leave this place
This thought would keep coming back
Without any prior appointment
In my sleep and in my wakeful hours
I couldn't stop
This pendulum
Though
I did replace the old wall clock
In my candlelit room
With a new and a silent one
Still that hanging movement
Tickles day and night in my brain
Like my brain is that rusty-broken cupboard
And my thoughts are nothing
But a useless stethoscope
Doing nothing
Just teasing my otherwise silent soul
With a raw-tickling sound
As it strikes the rust of painted iron
Under the influence
Of the forceful blows
By the always high-ceiling fan
Which behaves like an unknown higher power
To that poor and helpless stethoscope

I thought
It would be my last visit
To this shrink
If
Stethoscope still hanging
The moment
I entered Doctor's office
In pre-meditated despair
I was shocked
With a paradoxical ecstasy
The same navy-blue stethoscope
Was not hanging on the cupboard
But around my handsome doctor's neck
Today for the very first time
I could see stethoscope
Shining and enchanting
Smiling in tears
Laughing in pain
My doctor looked at me
With concern and care
"Why are you tearful? "
I could only utter
"God bless you"

At night
Before going to bed
I thought
Of all my past aches and miseries

It was a burning hope for wellness
And it were the tender hands
Of many healers and empathic thinkers
Which kept me alive
In the frozen moments of artificial death
Which kept me moving
In the woods of treacherous land
Which kept me sane
In the spans of disillusioned insanity

Now
I can still see
Stethoscopes hanging

Around the supple necks of
Young children
Of the secured Humanity

Oct 24,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Happy In Oblivion

Darkness resonates with my aging skin
I am no more a young lad
Though still not knighted
But they have started calling me Sir

My memory is vague, my intellect is fading
Beauty of my mind lies in bread and butter
I have expressed it before and will do it again
We are not dead yet; though we behave as inert

My heart was a remedy for agony of my mind
Now it has become an organ of circulation
My soul was in quest of its one and only mate
Now it seeks more of comfort and pleasure

I should not play more with the innocence of words
I know not how to carry the burden of lucid interval
If it's a common sense to live happy in oblivion
Kamran! Then live it as it's wise to live in delirium

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Heart And Soul

That gorgeous eve
When I kissed your mind
With the fiery lips
Of my literary wit
You said
Kamran!
You have an alien soul
But your heart is like as I own
More I covet to seize your heart
More your soul pushes me away
Your heart makes me feel
As I'm Xerox of Venus
Your body showers myriad love
That I've never known
But your soul is always in quest of the One
Who said, "Get out"
When you ate the forbidden fruit

Aug 19,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Homo Sapiens

We are hopeless, helpless and worthless creatures,
Designed to err...

We cut the throat of our own brother,
And drink his blood;
Because we are thirsty by nature...

Sadness is a gift for us,
Because as humans;
We are predisposed to melancholy...
We love pain and misery,
And we spread pain and misery;
Like an infection...
We can never be happy;
When we make one of our own soul cry...

We hear voices from outside,
But are deaf to our inner noise...
We speak irrelevantly,
Whenever questioned by our hidden soul...
We are morally dead,
Though intoxicated by man-made religion...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Honey!

A dropp of honey
On her heavenly lips
On the tip of her tongue
In the cleft of her teeth
Her absorbing eyes
Whispering in my heart
Why don't you kiss me?
I know, you love honey
It's a twosome delight
Don't miss it Kamran!

Hey! You shouldn't
She is with someone
Come on, dear Fear!
It's a treat duo
I shouldn't pay attention
To such conscious alarms
I just need to hear
The buzz of my heart
Right this hour got to live my whole life
Hey! It would be your worst hour dude
You never listen to me
You always pay heed to your juvenile heart
Go ahead and you won't go home
On your feet tonight
Keep on threatening me my dear mind
You know, I won't mind your prudence

Hey!
Mister, I am speaking to you
Yes ma'am, please say as you feel like
I am all ears to Beethoven's Anna
Just wanted to tell you Mr. Casanova
I have been waiting all my life for you
Where have you been?
Excuse me, are you sure!
Since you have lost your memory
You only know one thing
Rest you can't make out

Can't even call to your mind
How you stole me
From the Temple of Zeus
Can you just explain?
Why were you constantly staring
At the honey drops
Gleaming on my lips
I waited for you to come over
But you are always ambivalent
Then the moment I wiped my lips
With the tip of my impulsive tongue
You suddenly became indifferent
Like you don't want me anymore
Was that all about Honey?
Yes, as I love Honey!
Huh honey...
You don't even know
Why you love Honey?
Let me tell you
Honey!
That is what you used to call me
When you were not gone
Oblivious

Nov 06,2009

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Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Hope Is Still Perching In The Soul

Kamran!

Please don't curse yourself

Of being a human

Don't think of death anymore

Don't chew your past all the time

Look Sun is smiling with infinite eyes

Fresh flowers are enchanting the soul

Spring resides inside you; my dear heart

You still playing the melody of congenital pain

Turn your ear to the symphony of corporeal glee

Don't smell the blood of impending doom

Just sense the touch of budding hope

Then kiss the sizzling lips of your goddess of love

Politics of mind

Philosophy of existence

And probability of error

You need this rubbish no more

Hope is blossoming in the heart

It is still perching in the soul

P.S. To Ms. Anjali Sinha, who touched my tormented heart with her beautiful, encouraging and lovely words.

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

How Night Lives My Life?

Am I cursed?
Or
Am I blessed?
Am I a Saint?
Or
Just a filthy mud?
Whateve'?

When Bullah,
Asked You the same Question?
You denied nothing...
And tonight,
Your same obnoxious silence;
Is killing me...
Like You just killed,
The innocent Day...

Why every Night?
This happens to me;
You come to rescue me,
Still
You never touch me...

How can You?
Love and Hate me,
At one time...
In one single moment,
You own me;
And
In the same little span,
You deny me...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Human Factor

I could be rich like a king
but I prefer to live poor

o' come on Kamran!
you all the time use defenses
to calm the agony
of your unwanted existence

look honey!
there is kid
playing with a ball
in the park
beside the lake
and there is another
fishing at the lake
same gorgeous dawn
might be the one fishing
knows better
how to play the ball
but he is destined
to kill fishes
merely to fill the aching stomach
of his starving siblings

we are predestined
to live a life
we love to live
even we are living in misery
we are blessed with the skills
to change our fate
but are restrained
by the human factor

July 16,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

I Am A Commoner

It was or it is a bad dream
I was very innocent
Beautiful and exquisite
Before I drank the liquor of common life
I was so special
So gifted, blissful, pure and blessed
It was an endless ocean of paranormal souls
Around my continuously changing skins
Red Turkish carpet
Pining to touch the sole of my intangible feet
Little girls of unknown ethnicities
Holding bouquets of red roses and oriental lilies
Louis Armstrong playing his flashy trumpet
For hours in my homage
O' I was so special once

Today
I'm a commoner
Living a common life
Lying, stealing and two-timing
Knowingly turning obscured reality into a glittery mirage
Willfully embracing the slaps of cruel Time
Alluringly writing meaningless poems
On the gorgeous-white skins of colored whores
Brutally beaten yet walking swift
Through the carpeted roads of modern cities
And proudly pronouncing that
I am a common man of this uncommon world

So pure was that span
When I was nothing
So filthy is this time
When I am something
Yesterday
I was nothing but special
Today
I am something but a commoner

Sep 25,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

I Am A Liar

I am no more a man of my word
I lie each day to each person I see
I am a liar
Each gaze of my twinkling eyes
Would definitely tell you a new story
Each new time would you see me
I am no more persistent
No more constant fears
No more eternal sorrows
No more everlasting moments
Of temporary joys
No more psychedelic dreams
I am called sober
As I am respectable now
Still
I lie like I breathe
With each pulse of my arrhythmic heart
I sing a beautiful song
Wrapped in a glittery red paper
Of deceit and betrayal

Wow
I am a Liar
I can make people believe in
What I deny each night
Before going to bed
As I am an expert now
Hats off to me
What a great human I make
I can make words look like an ancient painting
Stroked with the brush
Of vivid revelations
And people would believe
As it is divine

I am a liar today
I may be a saint tomorrow

I Am Not A Follower

I don't agree to...
What has been said?
To seduce,
The miserable humanity...

Am I a black,
But conspicuous slave girl?
Do I look like one?
I think,
You are still dazed;
I am an ordinary Human,
People call me by this name...
I'm NOT special,
Still I don't agree to your terms...
Come to my terms,
Or shut the door at my face;
Please do it with some guts,
I won't be scared...
Because,
I'm NOT a follower,
I'm a dreamer...

If you can,
Plunge me in deep slow sleep,
But you can never stop;
The rapid movements of my eyes...
Because,
I'm NOT a follower,
I'm a Dreamer...

May 23,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

I Deny You

A piece of bread made me deny You
When I was hungry for many days
And I was offered left-over food
By an atheist
He gave me an option
To choose between Bread and You
And I preferred food...

I can't pretend
I can't lie
But I did that
Because I was hungry
I am really very sorry
Though this sorry seems so meaningless
I am not an agnostic
Though I ask frustrating questions
But it is only to make my faith stronger
Still I denied You
I did that to fulfill my appetite
To satisfy my instinctive craving
O' God
I remember
I did that more than once...

I am so sorry
Most of the times
I prefer my natural needs
Over You
I can't do that
I don't want to deny You again and again
What should be done?
How can You make me love You?
When I am not good for You
Forgive me
I am not like You asked me to be
I apologize for being so rude
While You are always so gracious and benevolent
I don't deserve You
I am not good for You

If possible
Do forgive me...

July 27,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

I Deserve To Live Too

The wild days of mercurial surge
The tranquil nights of deep hypnosis
The gloomy fall of animated hues
The blooming spring of divine hopes
The unexpected rain
From the eyes of dying innocence
The dejected deserts of burning thirst
The aromatic enigma of stripped skins
And the ecstatic charisma of hidden treasures
I deserve to live these too

Today
Innocence is crying for corruption
Wisdom is pleading for ignorance
Piety is yearning for seduction
And the little evil is begging for acceptance

I am just a lesser human
My Lord
You made me to err
I fell
Because you wanted me to
And I'll rise
As that's my fate
Betwixt
Do I deserve to live?
With the freedom of my soul

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

I Told You Once

I told you once,
When you looked into my eyes,
A teardropp can change my life,
And yours too...
I told you once,
I am not all you have,
And I am all,
You will never have.
It is just the matter of time,
You replied in a soulful tone;
Then a teardropp changed my life,
And yours too...

Why am I...?
You asked God,
Did He reply...?
He must have said;
Ask me,
Why are you..?
Each single soul,
On the face of our mother earth,
Asks this simple question...
Every single moment;
When dreams wither,
When flowers fade,
When deserts bleed,
When oil burns in our minds,
When Saint calls Himself a Satan,
And Devil sleeping in a cradle,
Is slaughtered by the sovereign of this era;
An ill looking toddler can grow into a Messiah,
But our tender skins,
And gorgeous souls,
Can't endure the blessed pain,
Of timeless Stigmata,
On our broken hands,
And frozen feet.

Why are you...?

He replied,
I told you once...
But you turned your face to eternal dark;
In the arms of nudity and lust,
You slept whole night;
With momentary joys and everlasting sorrows...
And now,
When you are half-awake and half-slept;
You look at me,
With a big question mark on your face...?

I can only say,
That I told you once...
I can't smile,
I can't groan,
I can only pray,
For you to understand,
What I told you once...?

□

March 15,2003

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

I Won'T Die

why it seems so dark
though my heart is on fire
might be because
I've been inventing lies
out of the illusive truth

I've been a man of heart
ignored the continuous buzz
of my intuitive mind
did things right or wrong
but did that fearlessly
whatever my heart dictated me
now you call me a fool
that I don't use my mind

o' my love!
you know not
I won't die
if you would abandon me
in the midst of this dark night

you know not
a single man of heart
can be worth than
thousands of clever and wise
I don't repent loving you
I don't even curse you
for presenting to me
this eternal pain of severance
yet I say; don't worry
I won't die

you know not
my love has the power
to make heavens cry
and you couldn't even make
a broken heart smile
believe you me
still I would live

and I won't die

if you would see me
in some other space
in the centuries to come
I would be holding my aching heart
inside my frail chest
and would be greeting everybody
with an everlasting smile
and would be whispering to you
please don't feel bad for me
I won't die

Oct 13,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

I?

I?

What would be I?

Don't know

When my eyes will see

You

Putting my life in a box

Wrapped up in a glittery red paper

Saying

Love is forever

What would be I?

When

You will throw the red box

Out of your window

A beggar will pick up

That red box

Open it

And will eat all the Chocolates

What would be I?

Neither dead nor alive

I?

Dec,2007

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Independence Day

He killed his brother
for the sake of land;
I killed mine,
because he was not a believer.

Am I a human,
or just belong to
certain race, religion, sect, ideology or tribe?

Am I a free man,
or just trapped in the self-created, six feet coffin
of pseudo-pride?

I know not
either you are righteous
or I am truthful.

I just know
we are celebrating
our independence day
in the midst of
self-imposed bloodshed,
corrupt leadership,
on-sale dignity,
mocking poverty,
and dying morality.

Aug 14,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Inescapable Questions

They say this universe stands
Only on logic
Then why everything in this universe
Seems illogical to me?

They say this life is a blessing
Then why on every face
I can only see marks of infinite misery?

They say man has a social soul
Then why I can only see
A beast hidden
In today's civilized human being?

They say faith is necessary for contentment
Then why all those
Who say so
Always seem confused and panicky to me?

All those who give such statements
Or impose doctrines
Always make my mind more baffled...

I think its better
If we don't listen to anyone
Rather
We should keep listening to our inner selves
Till a real story is being heard
All over this mystified universe...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Is It Futile?

A lifetime of unlived hopes and fears
Can we count these moments in numbers?
Can you add a digit to my bankrupt dreams?
Questions and Answers
If this is called life
Then let me ever feel
The agony of unrevealed mysteries
Let me pronounce
My name in some ancient lingo
Let me feel the pride
Of being an oracle
Of this enigmatic land
Of creatures
Who have been known
Only for one thing
And that is
Living without Love
Can you outlive
A moment
When your mortal body
Can't beat or breathe
Without the rapture
Of heart
Without the anguish
Of mind
Without the reminiscence
Of moments
Lived on some other land
In another epoch...

I may sound insane
What is sanity to you?
Is it a name of that lady?
With whom we slept together
In our co-morbid imaginations
Let's create something
Tonight
We are likewise
Ignorant but prudent

Why not?
Rage against this plagued night
You say
It's futile
If it is,
Then we all are in vain...

Jan 06,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Is It Sad?

Is it sad?
that I am a human like you

Is it a curse?
that I can't cry when I want to

Is it a blessing?
that I am not a common soul any more

Is it right?
when I lie to myself
merely to calm my broken ego

Is it wrong?
when I tell you only truth
and you are expecting glittery lies

Is it justified?
when I can't pay the bills
I'm supposed to

Is it injustice?
when I have delicious feast
and the homeless sleep empty stomach

Is it delight?
when I'm being rewarded
for my God-gifted skills

Is it anguish?
when I think, think and think
but can't help to end the social injustice

Aug 31,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Is It You?

A beat was missed
I thought it was you
I can't breathe
Though my lungs are full of O2
Now I am sure
It's you

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

It's Raining Without You

touch me honey
touch me like a summer cloud
touch my soul once more
I crave for you
this raining night
I can't live without you
for a second more
touch me and make me alive again
this heart knows not
how to beat without you
this cadaver of our love life
begs only for a touch of you

o' come on Kamran!
you are already wet
can't you feel the touch of rain
on your flesh
can't you measure the surge of adrenaline
in your blood
can't you adore the beauty
of this flawless-brunette night
so sadistic yet so soothing
what more you can wish for

yes, I can feel that all over me
my love!
and I used to compare this rainfall
with the touch of your divine fingers
but now I feel like
how wrong I was
as I have washed my skeleton
for hours
with the sinister darkness
of transparent rain drops
yet it could never be likewise
to that aromatic-ambiance
of one single moment
when I held your hand
for the very first time

and we had a walk in the rain

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

It's Your Birthday

Today
Is your Birthday
But it's not the only day
You were born
You
Who were nothing
Just a month back
Have left infinite marks
Of your pure love
Divine friendship
And tender words
On my tarnished body
Crystallized heart
And tormented soul
That whosoever
Looks, sinks or mingles
My body, heart or soul
Exclaims and asks
What marks you have got here dude
I can only smile and say
These are my Birthmarks

Dec 01,2008

P.S. To Anjali Sinha, a very good friend today; whom I met on PH.

What is a friend? A single soul dwelling in two bodies.

~Aristotle

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Lahore

The city

Where I lived the pinnacle of my life
Wandered through the notorious streets
Inhaled smoke of petrol and hashish
Wrote my poems on its walls and gates
Loved the western charm of eastern beauties
Saw misery dancing on weak faces day and night
Witnessed pious bodies at sale on roads each midnight
Laughed at my helplessness when called overqualified
Cried with saints and poets every Thursday night

The city

Where a man committed suicide
Because he couldn't feed his child
I lived here and survived
The bomb blasts, wars and disasters
But I died the moment
When one of my city fellows said
"You are not one of us as you were migrated here"

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Language Of My Heart

You know not,
What it could be?
It's not the agony of my heart,
It's not the murmur of your memory;
It's just another piece by an amateur poet
Of some other land.

Listen!
What I speak,
Awake or asleep;
Lend me your ear,
My love!
My heart is jumping into my throat,
My tongue catches its rhythm,
Then speaks to you in a soulful tone;
Please lend me your ear,
My love!

Listen!
To the symphony of my wet kisses blown in the damp air,
To the melody of myriad pain composed by my ischemic myocardium,
To the poignant verses written by my frozen fingers dipped in blood,
To the unspoken words of an oblivious soul having a flow of Nile;
To the unfelt vibes of divinity overpowering my humanly lust.

Listen to it just once,
Then either embrace it or break it;
It matters not,
As I know one thing for sure;
The language of a pure heart can never die unheard.
Today or tomorrow;
It will reach the stony heart,
I won't mind that delay,
As you know that too;
My heart can never be denied.

July 05,2009

Life Without You

The moment you left me,
Could you remember?
When I held your hand for the last time;
I can still feel,
That touch;
Of your gentle hand on my soul.
You wanted to say some thing,
But you couldn't utter a single word;
Then
A tear dropp -
I am still trapped in that tear drop,
Since the morning you left me.

Now
Each new dawn I wake up,
With fading dreams in my tormented eyes...
And
Each passing night;
I see you die,
In the grand arena of my majestic mind...
And then next morning,
You are alive again.
You are always here with me,
Wrapping my whole body with your divine aroma...

Dead or Alive,
You are always with me...
What I only miss,
Is the touch of your tender hands;
On the barren soil of my dead skin...□

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Little Death

I can't live without you.
Is it a complicated statement?

You ask me...□
To smile,
To be happy,
To stay blissful,
To live content,
To enjoy festivity,
To dance tango,
And
To sleep with tranquility...

How can I?
Be happy & content.
When
I can't see your lips moving,
Still I hear your soft-velvety voice...
When
I can't hold your hand,
Still I feel your divine touch on my soul...
When
I can't live without you,
Still I live every day;
After burying my stinking corpse,
In the graveyard of each new dawn...

Nov 27,2007

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Logic

I remember
Walking down the haunted avenue
Of my childhood dreams
A lady in blue casting spell
On my plagued existence

Wow!
In fraction of a second
The whole scenario changed

Today
I am little above thirty
I am a so called wise man
I talk logic and practice realism

Last night
While I was writing
On the walls of my conscious mind
Lady from the haunted avenue
Spoke to me in her mesmerizing voice

Kamran!
You know-
Why you are always sad?
Because
You love to think all the time

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Losing Sanity

Psychedelic smoke
Rising in the backstreet of my shallow mind
Kiss my lips
With one more puff of your feverish wit
I am impressed
The way you looked into my eyes, while writing a poem
On the illusory canvas of my skeptic brain
You never looked that lucid to me
The way you behave tonight
Sober and clean
But this smoke is making me baffled
I should look for another sign
I should read your subconscious
I should behave like a competent shrink
I know not, what should I do?
I am just afraid of labeling you
You are like me, rather better than me
It is just the matter of misfortune
For you or for me
You are gaining insight
And I am losing one
In the dissociation of reality

Sep 07,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Lost

When I asked her
A complicated question
Her scorching silence
Burnt me to ashes
I got mixed with the dust
Underneath her divine feet
She walked ahead
And I lost my identity
To my Motherland

Oct 29,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Love For Life

Terrible moments
Petrified emotions
Ice-cold we were
Frozen-dry lips
Boneless-stiffened hands
Motionless and impotent
Like iced up meat
Nicely decorated
In transparent refrigerators
Of a big super market

We never lost insight
Of our helpless-existence
Still all the time striving
To catch a new breath
Just to live
For one more span...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Love Has To Be Eternal

Smokes all around my eyes
Pink, blue, violet and grey
All colors; hundreds of shades
I couldn't see anything
But could feel
The sharp contours of silky skins
Te burning touch of tender hands
The quenching ambiance of sizzling lips
The dying distance of shrinking bodies
The throbbing music of vanquished hearts
And the proliferating euphoria of paralyzed minds

Then the moment
I was so overwhelmed
By the love so divine
I burned all the boats
As my soul found a new body
Ah'
I heard her voice
She spoke to me
As it was for the last time
She said it all in a dying whisper
Kamran!
Never forget
What you told me once
"Love has to be eternal"

Feb 25,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Love Is Only Physics

Love is not an enduring emotion
Love is not an infinite passion
Love is not related to the heart beats
Love is not about dreams and trances
Love is neither revealed nor imagined
Love is no more running in the carotids
Love is neither Biochemistry nor Parapsychology
Love is just about fulfilling needs
Love ends when our expectations wither
Love is like a game being played on the cell phones
Love is a broadband or the invisible wire
Love is being viewed through the webcam of my laptop
Love is directly proportional
To how much physical time
You can offer to your beloved
In simple and plain words
Today
Love is only Physics

Feb 21,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Love Life Of A Loner

Do you remember?

Lingering nights and petty days of joy stained with despair
Shadows of apprehension and shelters of anticipation
How I used to sit at your feet reading Homer's Odyssey
Tears of atonement and woes of despondency
Solitude was my destiny and you were made for the world
Barefoot I strolled when you waved me good bye

From each millimeter of your untouched skin
To widespread lands and limitless oceans
I walked and soared merely to fall again and again
From lips anesthetized and paralyzed hands
To promiscuous bodies and reckless hearts
I lived and died purely to survive like the fittest man

Again in seclusion I think of you
Why don't you leave me alone?
I could have lived the way of wits
I could have died when you left me forlorn
Today I think I should erase
Your name from my heart
Your mark from my soul
Then your eyes speak to me
What would you love, if not me?

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Love Me Not For I Love You

I heard God saying to me
"I love you-
Even though you never loved me likewise"
That was the day
I finally deciphered
The philosophy of love

Love is beyond expectations
And mutual interests
A true lover is made
As an image of God
Who loves-
Because he is made to love

Jan 28,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Love Or Lust

Wet flooring of my juvenile dreams
I asked myself to walk cautiously
But didn't pay attention to the inner voices
I kept on running in a trance of delusional ecstasy
While sliding over an oily skin
Bent in line with my hidden desires
I kept on falling down and down
When I was penetrating deep
Inside her heavenly soul
She cried that is enough for now
We will meet again

May 09,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Love Poem

It was a silky-flawless dusk
And He was standing
Forlorn and dejected
In the middle of a busy street
Skins around him
Purring his sensitive parts
With stinking cheap perfumes
Itchy nose running like a stray dog
Barking for a little cuddle
Sniffing for some pure flesh
Looking for a blue shelter

"Hey, you all heartless men and women
Of a disputed land
I ask you to leave him alone
And please go to your homes
He has come to my territory
And I own him now"

The Queen shouted with wrath
In her eloquent voice
She was clad in a white satin ball gown
Holding a holy book in her right hand
And caressing his hair, mouth and neck
With the slender fingers of her left hand

He was all human again
With just one divine touch
He became
A handsome mortal
A wise oracle
And a passionate lover

He kissed her sizzling lower lip
And bit it tenderly
It was an ocean of forbidden desires
Running through the hot-flushing veins
Of his goddess queen
Who just was a naive beauty

In the gentle arms of his handsome lover
Craving for his wild berry lips
Pining for his artistic fingers
Looking in his ocean eyes
And
Pleading to write a Love Poem
On her untouched-fiery bosom

He kissed each millimeter
Of her silky-white skin
With his passionate-thirsty lips
Licked her sweaty-alluring body
Inch by inch
With his insatiate desires

They were locked up, fixed
And protected
Never to get severed again

And the password key sent
To God's address

Oct 31,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Love Thy Enemy

When Jesus said that
People mocked at him
I know
Reiterating these inimitable words
By my stuttering tongue
Would make you laugh at me likewise

Yet
I have to say that
Love your enemy
As you love your own-self
Self can be the worst enemy above all
Still you adore and pamper it
24/7

I think
It's not that hard
To spare one moment
Of forgiveness and compassion
For your enemy
Who is nothing
But like your own flesh and blood

Feb 16,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Magnum Opus

The red puff of filtered smoke
Creating thousand of silhouettes
In the damp air of my extinguished room

Tell me thy name?
Master of Arts and Science
The oracle of south and east
The sufi of the damned nation
The love of infatuated Leila
The lust of smoldering Aphrodite
The cursed Oedipus
And the blessed Joseph
Who art thou-
The Magnum Opus of God?

I am a human my little angel
A human made to be examined
Created to be prosecuted
For the sins I was predisposed to commit
While walking on the ashen breasts
Of my mother earth

The God speaks from heavens
Thou art the best I ever created
Thou must not lament
For thou would only be impeached
For doing that I labeled forbidden
Still thou didst that again and again
Because
Thou love thy own self
More than Me

April 22,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Melody Of Pain

Wind blowing half heartedly
in the woods of skinny trees
Socrates and Descartes
occupying my illogical mind

Why I feel this unknown pain all the time?
when everything seems so perfect
why this unheard sonata of unjust pain
keeps on buzzing in my deaf mind
I am not Ludwig van Beethoven
I've never heard Mozart or Chopin
then why and how -
my naïve mind keeps on orchestrating
the poignant opuses of myriad pain
and the soulful melodies of my all-time beloved
death

This life is a symphony of innate heartaches
I being ignorant and emotionally troubled
have fallen in love with this melody of life
called pain

March 17,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Mercurial Surge

Red-hot blood rushing
Throbbing and flushing
Through the arteries and veins
Around the flesh and bones
Piercing the heart, kidneys and genitals
Of a body made-up of mere clay

Life sings an unheard-poignant melody
May be written by the Oedipus
In the last days of his cursed life

Hormones, neurotransmitters and cytokines
All mixing with the lyrics
Of that unknown-ancient ballad
Psychedelic trances, visual hallucinations
And cocaine bugs

All pining for more
Mercurial surge

Nov 7,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Misunderstood

When I whisper your name
So serene and pure,
When I bow my mortal head
And kiss your divine feet,
When I sleep profoundly in your motherly lap
And fly to the unknown skies of tranquil joy;
When I adore you
And caress your dusky hair,
When I lick the barren soil
Of your fertile land,
When I wet your lips
With the tears of my naïve desire,
When my cheeks lie all over
Your naked breast:
I write a story of our eternal love
With my fragile tongue and smoky lips
On each pixel of your feverish skin,
But
When my tender words reach your patent heart,
Dig the burrows in your superficial mind
And pierce your shallow soul,
I receive an Alert:
Talk in a simple lingo!
You are MISUNDERSTOOD -

Dec 10,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

More...

Life is an impossible dream.
We all see it,
While awake or asleep;
But no one could ever fulfill it.
Every time a desire is accomplished,
There is another waiting to ride our heart...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Muslim-?

What a metaphor
Allah created
When the world needed
A real revolution
Of Love
Art
Truth
Justice
And
Human Dignity
Blessed You were
With the compassion and devotion
Of truthful and accomplished Prophetism

Today
What have You done
To Yourself-?
Hatred
Intolerance
Hypocrisy
Subjective Divinity
Delusional Grandiosity
And
Suicide Bombing

Whom You want to kill
Your fellow human
Or
Your own-self-?

Jan 09,2009

“And fight in the way of Allah with those who fight with you, and do not exceed the limits, surely Allah does not love those who exceed the limits.”
Al-Qur’an (002.190)

Mutation

dropp me in the shallow waters of mutability
and let me take a bath of metamorphosis
they say I am outdated now
so got to pace with the marching time

what if I would never change
what if my heart continues to beat
with the rhythm of manufacturer's preference
what if my mind keeps on writing
the evergreen songs of faithful sorrows and lost love

it matters to them
but not to me
change is an illusion
law of nature never alters
history repeats itself
and after a long journey
of continuous mutation
we reach from where we start

Aug 07,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

My New Identity

-Dedicated to the people of Malakand division (Written at Shah Mansoor Camp for IDPs near Sawabi)

The people of my motherland
I speak to you humbly
My eyes are wet and tongue is dry
I bow my head and kneel down
Kindly lend me your ears my brothers and sisters
Listen to my aching stomach
Look at the stigmata of my burnt skin
Witness the beauty of my sunken eyes
Then read the story flowing in these deep ocean eyes
How I am made to live homeless
Under the umbrella of scorching sun
How I am killed by my own army
Which is being fed on the blood of their own siblings
The president of my land is a great diplomat
Who knows no lingo other than of Dollars
I have lost my identity and found a new one
I know not how I should thank you
When so proudly you say to me
"You are not a refugee
You are just an Internally Displaced Person (IDP) "

June 03,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Naked Truth

When I saw Thee naked
I saw nothing
But Truth
I was so ignorant
Of the Fact
That Thou art God

Oct 31,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Night Has Been My Day

Living through the dim lights
Of abandoned streets
Watching the moon dying
In the lap of fake dawn
I have lived all my life

Sooner or later
This err would be proved upon us
That we have lived
An illusionary life
In the love of sparkling sun
Just to fulfill the burning appetite
Of our lustful eyes

We have always known
But never admitted
That
Truth is only revealed
When eyes are closed
Heart is sunken
And soul is awoken

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Night Of Loneliness

They say I am blessed
With the masterful skill of arts and science
With a golden pen which have a flow of Nile
With a healing touch which may calm the agonizing mind
And with a burning heart which can melt the rocky mounts

They are liars
Call them here who say so
And make them see
My comatose body, bleeding heart and dejected soul

No one would come
Nobody should care
All my friends, admirers and loved ones are asleep
And I am crying my heart out in the mighty dark
This lonely night

April 25,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

No Smoking -

A naked man,
Peeped through his veiled eyes
His sight knocked at an open window;
She was clad in white,
Holding a newborn in her fragile arms.
She hurriedly threw her son,
Like an un-finished cigarette;
As she had captured glimpse of a sign board,
NO SMOKING -

Smoky neonate fell from the 13th floor,
Straight towards the strong arms of nudity,
Shrieking in his feeble voice;
Catch me if u can,
I resemble you,
And I belong to you.

The naked man embraced the infant misery,
With open arms;
Squeezed him tight against his frail chest,
And walked slowly towards the waterfront...

Sep,2003

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Not Guilty

When I think of you,
Life blooms in my eyes;
A simple thought of nothingness,
A humble wish of everything.
When I think of you,
I think nothing,
But everything.
I think of a fainting robin,
Flying with dignity...
I think of an everlasting smile,
Dying with simplicity...
I think of You and Me,
I,
Dying for existence...
You,
Living for existence...
I am the Pause...
Before The Final Verdict has to effect,
It needs patience...
But I know the decision,
Not Guilty...

Nov 24,2002

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Nothing Changed

“Don’t let me go,
If I am gone;
It won’t be same again.
Our mother earth,
Won’t have any Achilles left;
To rage for vengeance,
To combat for slaughtered friendship.
No Hussain would ever revolt,
Against the menace to mankind.
You won’t find any Maid of Orleans,
To be burned at the stake;
For the sake of truth,
For the love of divinity.
If you let me go,
Your sterile womb would conceive no more;
Your lifeless breasts would nourish no soul...”

These wasted words,
I said, when you shouted at me;
“GO NOW...”

Today,
When I am no more,
I realize,
How wrong I was?
Nothing changed,
If I am not here;
If I was not there,
Nothing changed.

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

November

Fallen leaves have been crushed
Dried and amalgamated
With the dust
Of barren soils

Sunken hearts have been stripped
Cracked and defeated
With the lust
Of alluring beauties

Shrunken minds have been putrefied
Abandoned and replaced
With the bust
Of convulsive impulses

This November
The faith has to be revolutionized
The fate must be renovated
The fallen got to be resurrected
From the mist of dusky dawns

This November
The heart aches for more blood
The mind craves for more thought
The soul begs for more piety
And a human cries for lost identity

November
The month of my fall
From divinity to humanity
Would be the month of my rise
From humanity to divinity

Nov 03,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Oblivion

One day, when there will be no sun,
No moon and no stars on the sky.
Neither you nor I,
Will be able to strike a match and light the sky.
There will be sheer darkness in the churches,
Mosques and temples will turn into black ashes.
There will be no one in the Universe,
Just you and I left in the dead mashes.
At that time, □
I will come to you,
And kneel down,
Bow my head,
And kiss your feet.
Then there will be a new life,
Sprouting from the buds of white light.
Where everyone will be almost happy,
Looking at you with my sight.□

June12,2001

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

One More Valentine's Day

Wrinkled skin of my aging soul
Merely I could feel the touch
Of her falling fingers
Soaring from her tender heart
Desperate to caress my spirit untouched

Life has been an illusionary abode
For the solitary ghost of love like me
Death calls herself a mansion of reality
Speaks my name with her lustful eyes
Wants to kiss my rancid lips
Pines for my flesh and blood
Yearns for my love unremitting

O' God!
I turned her down tonight
I denied her love unrivaled
For the love of this deceptive world
For the lust of the skins to be crinkled
And to live in the arms of endless desire
One more Valentine's Day

Feb 13,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Pain

turn off lights
my eyes can't tolerate
the pain of fake hope

no more joy
no more festivity
no more sugar coated compliments
no more glittery giggles
just me with myself
lying on my apathetic couch
co-existing with my tormented mind
insistently editing my miscalculations
but alas! there is no Ctrl Z key
to unbreak the heart of an innocent soul
to undo what has had been misdome
with my specie

I recall my teacher of medicine
told me once
that pain is blessing
it helps you to identify the underlying pathology
but this pain of our rootless existence
has been known for centuries
still humankind is unable to decipher
either disease lies in the self or destiny

Sep 22,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Perverted Vision

I am going to write
A masterpiece today
Which would stay for good
In the minds of people

Kamran!
You again are deluded
My child
Why you always want others
To see this world
With your perverted vision
Why can't you accept
The truth
That -
You are just a lesser mortal
A weak orator
And a mere individual

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Philosophy Of The False Dawn

Again and again
Human race is being misguided
Is it a reality or just a fake refraction?
When light pierces the black sky-
Only my world is being illuminated
Why is it still dark-
Where Dollar, Pound and Euro rule?
Why light hides herself-
From the eyes of the mighty west?

Wake up Kamran!
Look around your enlightened soul
Listen to the trumpets-
Of the embryonic spring
That is crying aloud-
For the paucity of budding flowers
Cautiously hear the chirps-
Of the perished sparrows
They are moaning-
For the lack of water and food
And chew the perplexity-
Of the soaring minds
Which are craving-
For more and more

Every morning we wake up
And leave the bed-
Of heavenly desires
To fulfill the appetite-
Of our burning stomach
Some get the best reward-
Of the minor struggle
And most remain deprived-
Even after bloody perspiration

Then again dark engulfs the dying sun
The mighty west gets brightened
And the unworthy east
Falls into transitory peace

Destined to rise once again
From the trance of ephemeral dawn

Feb 19,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Poems I Write Are Not Mine

It's not me,
It is you;
Who is making me write –
The dust of our invisible love,
The echo of our unheard moans;
The night I spent in your celestial arms,
The day you kissed me good bye.
It is no one else but you;
Who cry in my words,
Who live in my metaphors,
And die in the acknowledgements.
When they say Kamran,
Wow! What a wonderful write!
I smile and whisper your name;
My love! It's you who made me write.

Yester-night
I was sleeping tranquil after a gloomy day,
You were with me
In a dream, which was seen by both of us;
I remember, what you told me
At the climax of our love life.
Kamran!
No matter if I am mortal,
It is worth than the union of two mortal souls;
That I would live in your poems
For always.

Dec 01,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Poetry Is Dead

Is this the end?
Is this the death?
Death has not always been an end
It may be a new beginning
It could have been a funeral
But it has to be the matrimonial
Of lust and hunger
Alas! Poetry is dead

She died last night
Of cerebral malaria
In the febrile fits
Of plagued identity
In the rigors and chills
Of seasonal insanity
In the aches and pains
Of bodily desires
Poetry died
Silently, invisibly
In the blast
Of this materialized world

Before sleeping in the robust arms
Of Dark Angel
She painfully uttered
A dying declaration
In her last muffled breaths

"I, the Cinderella of all Arts
Has had been mishandled
By the guardians and the messengers
They ignored the 'FRAGILE' sign
While shipping me from heart to heart
Mind to mind and soul to soul
I was broken into pieces
Even safeguarded
Inside the velvety red box
Wrapped with the white sheets
Of hundred percent pure cotton

Sealed with the melted wax
Of my frozen tears
Each piece of mine
Would live thereafter me
Eternally as a divine soul
In the juvenile bodies
Of so called amateurs
Who worshipped me since born
Like a goddess..."

Alas! Poetry is dead

Dec 20,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Probability Of Error

You made me a human my Lord
Designed me artistically beautiful
A magnum opus above all known masterpieces
Blessed me with a heart full of unconditional love
Gave me powers to think beyond the surface
Raised me to the endless heights afar mind's eye
No creature could even fantasize to touch that pinnacle

Then
In the end You sanctified me
Five percent probability of error
To misuse my heart and mind
Under the influence of worldly desires
That little error brought havoc
In this otherwise perfect soul and serene world

Jan 31,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Providence

Again

Melancholy knocks at my door;
Asks me to plunge myself,
In the deep metamorphosis;
Of my unwanted existence.

Once More...!

Who asked for that?
Neither did I,
Nor my unfulfilled dreams;
Then who pines for-
One more episode,
Of Major Depression.

Why is it?

All coming back to me;
When I didn't ask for more of it,
If this is my Providence;
Let it be like that;
For one more time,
Dipped in tears, sweat and blood;
Of our suspended hopes.

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Psyche

(To the tormented minds
Of Philosophers, Thinkers, Dreamers, Poets and Lovers...)

Once I was in prostration
And in the trance of mild-insanity
I called your name
And humbly asked God
What is this my Lord?
He smiled with His eyes
And narrated a beautiful story...

Part One

It was the mind of Human
Which I thought should be made of Clay
But clay denied Me
As she said
"I am just clay,
And mind needs more than that"
I forgave that refusal as her denial was logical

Then I asked Fire
She said
"I am not that hot"
And asked for forgiveness
I bestowed My mercy upon her too

Than Water passed by Me
Humbly and silently
I asked him too
He apologized
And hardly uttered these words
"I can't be that tranquil my Lord"
I kissed him and let him go

Then I thought of Air
Breezing from west to east

It bowed her head
And kissed My feet
And meekly wrote on my soles
"I can't blow like that"

So I thought for a second
Why Clay, Fire, Water and Air
Can't make the mind of an ordinary man
Then
After deep analysis and thinking
I decided
To sever a little part of my own-self
And make it the mind of a Human...

Part Two

I gave human mind
My own-self
Oh
Look
What he did to Me...?

I was in his mind all the time
Still
He kept on lying, stealing, denying
And waging wars
On the other souls of his own specie
On the minds of his own brotherhood
Knowing
That his brother has the mind made of
Same Me...

Rare have been the souls
Who kept Me in shape
All the time
Burning, flowing and breezing
In their minds
And only because of those souls
I kept Humanity
Still alive
On this planet Earth...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Quest

God's hands
And
My soles
I've been walking
This divine path
Since ages

I try to make things better
But it always turns to be worse
I try to win Your heart my God
But it always goes in vain

You made me wise and compassionate
Blessed me with the pain unknown
Showered Your tears on me when I cried
Smiled with me when joy was at my door

I am very poor and meek
I err, err and always err
I fall in the dark burrows of lust
I run after the worldly desires

Today
I came at Your door again
I thought now my quest would end
And I would kiss Your feet untouched
When I reached there
I found no one
Except a sign board
"You are late"

Jan 15,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Read My Eyes

You ask me to write
My whole life in a poem
My feelings for you in some words
My tormented thoughts in a verse
And to put my heart on paper
When you know that very well
This one page is nothing
To absorb my tears
Which flow like the Nile
Then why you ask me to write for you?
Why don't you look into my eyes?
Just once
You will get the whole story
In one tiny-little glimpse

Jan 14,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Religion At It's Best

Yesterday it was so beautiful
A sparkling sunny day of newborn September
My ears could hear
High-pitched cackles all around me
My eyes could see
Stunning milky-white skin wrapped in
Valentino chiffon silk dress
Asthenic right hand holding
A Gucci crystal clutch bag
White Gold Ruby and Diamond Medallion Pendant
Scintillating around her slender neck
In atrophic left wrist she was
Wearing a white gold Rolex masterpiece
Glossy-coral, kiss-proof lipstick having a golden sheen
Dancing on her tender lips
Curved eye lashes strengthened with
Dior waterproof Mascara
Acrylic sculpted nails
Ignorant of the pain
Which my dried skin could suffer...

Today sun is at the same setting
And the day is not bad at all
The door moved slowly
And she entered
Like west wind forgot her way today
White- Sateen, long- sleeved gown
Falling from neck to below her ankles
No single millimeter of milky-white skin
My transparent eyes could capture
Except her lusterless face
Streaked brunette hair, all covered with
Sheer black, Cashmere- Linen scarf
No more diamonds, rubies or gold
No more Gucci, Dior or Rolex
Sleepy, wet and lifeless eyes
Fixed on the dry floor
Dehydrated lips
Afraid of uttering even a single word...

Shockingly, I asked;
Why, what happened?
She replied in a soulful tone,
"I am fasting today..."

Sep 02,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Rise Up...!

Hey, Rise up!
You, still snoring in the lap of futile sleep;
At this hour of fleeting time,
Sleep is required no more.

Where is the Great Alexander?
Death neither spares Prophets nor Saints;
All left this evanescent abode one by one,
Nothing is undying in this fragile world.

You would yield, what you would strive for;
Or you would suffer for slip-ups and indiscretions.
You would cry (for your Love) like a dumped Heron;
Wingless you would be; how would you fly then? -

Bullah, There is nothing except Shah (God) ,
Neither in this world nor in the world to come;
Tread prudently in this world (of darkness and illusions) ,
The time once missed, would recur no more.

Hey, Rise up!
You, still snoring in the lap of futile sleep;
At this hour of fleeting time,
Sleep is required no more.

Translated
From BABA BULLEH SHAH'S
Great Piece of Sufi Poetry
(Utth Jaag)
Utth Jaag GhuRraaRray maar Nahi
Aey Saun Teray darkaar Nahi...

Nov 16,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Roses Underneath Thy Feet

That was a dream of Innocence,
Which you crushed so elegantly;
Under your Divine Feet.

That was a song for a Newborn,
Which you sang so maliciously;
In a Gentleman's Club.

That was a beauty made for Heavens,
Which you put up for sale last night;
In the Backstreet Flea-Market.

That was a man made for Humanity,
Which you killed day before yesterday;
In a fit of Animated Ecstasy.

Sep 27,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Should We Have To Live Like That...?

Darkness,
Dejection,
Despair,
Abstraction,
Blues,
Lamentation,
Oblivion,
And a never ending
Depression...
Should I have to live with that?
I have put my life on a rack,
Which is being eaten by white-ants.
Decaying hopes and blazing fears,
Where can I run away;
With my frozen legs and stiffened arms?
As a Doctor had injected ample vials,
Of Haloperidol into my buttocks.
Should I have to live like that?
Nihilistic delusions,
Distorted cognition;
And a dying insight.
Should we have to like that?
Where is the Son of Mary?
Where is the Prophet of Mercy?
O' God!
You have no arm for us?
SHOULD WE HAVE TO LIVE LIKE THAT...?

Dec,2004

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Signature

Thoughts

Ambiguous thoughts

Vague and abstract

Like smoke in an abandoned room

Each thought is like a portrait

Made by

Famous artist of all times

I think

And keep on painting

On the canvas of my despondent life

With humble strokes of my crazy mind

I keep on painting

Today

I can only see

Portraits of you

With your signature

On each imprint

Everywhere in my room

And

I have no space left

For my own flesh and blood

To survive here

It's only you

Who

Own this domicile

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Smokes

Someone told me once
Smokes are very much parallel
To the failures and successes of life
Every time you lose
Blue smoke surrounds you 24 × 7
And when you win
It's the rainbow of euphoria
That resides your eyes

April 09,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Someone Called My Name

Honey!
Close the window,
It's cold outside,
And you are already sick.
I am just checking dear;
Someone called my name,
The way she used to call...
Sweetheart,
Fix an appointment with my shrink,
I want to see him tomorrow;
I can't live with these hallucinations...
Hey, look!
It started raining outside,
I think,
Now I don't need a shrink,
I wasn't hallucinating;
She must be here.
Wherever she goes,
Rain follows her...
□

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Soulmate

Hey!
You call yourself
My Soulmate
Did you ever try to count
The marks of the hidden misery
On my perverted soul-?

You say it all the time
That you are made for me
And me for you
Even you never peeped
Inside my soul
Your white blood never mingled
With mine tarnished one
You never dared to share
Your secret desires
Never manifested your true
Inner charisma
Which I felt the very first time
I touched you with my words
You expected me to follow
Your path of love
And I never learned to see
With anyone else's eyes

Then
How and why?
I should believe you
And you should believe me
You know that very well
That we don't believe in each other
Anymore
Still so proudly we decree
That we are the soulmates
Made for each other

This life of ours is nothing
But a journey
You and I are nothing

But virtual beings
Incidentally met while on board
And fated to reach
The final destination

So my so called Soulmate
I beg you
Please don't talk about the soul
When you only look at the body
We'll be permitted to be each other's soul mates
When we would reach the final destination
Only if we didn't change our itineraries
Under the influence of our humanly prudence
And restricted scope of vision

March 06,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Starter

The story begins not today
It neither occurred in the past
Nor it would ever start

It is just a man's dream
It is only an individual's quest
It is not a shared delusion
It is merely one man's notion

Still it pierces the skies above
Still it touches the depths of oceans
Still it travels the un-trodden paths
Still it creeps in the disabled minds

The verse is ambiguous yet crystal
The word is plain yet enigmatic
The picture is blurred yet three dimensional
The thought is juvenile yet profound

What else you're craving for?
This is just a starter
And it's surely mouth-watering
Though little sour

Take it the way you like
It's just a beginning of another end
There is a lot more to come your way

Jan 15,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Stripper

I haven't seen you before,
Are you new in this town?
Would you like a dance?
Hey!
Say something...

Can I hold your hand?

I think, this is not a good idea;

I just want to feel your fingers,
And ensure the touch of your eyes.
You know,
When you were stripping,
You looked into my weary eyes;
And you touched my soul,
With millions of little fingers,
Emerging through your belladonna eyes.
It was raining heavily outside,
But I felt it here all over my body and soul,
Like there is no roof between me and heavenly sky.
Can I hold your hand...?

I think you better leave this place now,
But!
Always remember;
Wherever you go,
I'll follow you;
With my little fingers...□

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Submission

If

I would break the code

This Universe is standing

I would break myself too

So

It's better

Not to crack

But to embrace and follow

Dec 04,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Suicide Note Of A Nameless Person

I hate myself
And this cruel life.
I can't bear the massive burden
Of my unwanted,
Unhappy,
Hopeless,
And misinterpreted existence.
I must die;
Or go oblivious.
Wish there were enough Opium,
In this entire universe;
To calm my restless-agonizing mind.
I must leave this
Unjust and sterile world,
And should take my last voyage;
A leap in the eternal dark...

June 15,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Table Death

Sweet smelling wine,
Alluring flawless beauties;
A deal done under the table,
Piety sold to the soulless.
Tanks crawling on her breasts,
Impending death of the brain;
Body lying on the dining table,
All except God enjoying the supper.

Dec 16,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Temporal Humility

Catch me if u can?
Trumpet of time,
Confronted me once.
With frozen legs and frenzied thoughts,
I got up from my bed,
And fled away the asylum of space.
With the long atrophic arm of God,
I seized a moment.
Still;
I can see the shame,
In the eyes of infinite time.
□

April 10,2002

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Ten Years Later

Believe me
I know nothing
Even I am not sure
Would I be able to inhale
One more puff of O2

Yet I want to tell you
What I just saw in a wakeful dream
I am 40
Still wearing the same old shoes
Hair are falling
Like autumn is knocking at my door
I talk little and look prudent
An old beggar passes by
Reminds me of something
Which a similar fellow told me
When I was 20

Kamran!
You never listen to anyone
But I am here to tell you
That your presence in this world
Has made some difference
I know you have had been thinking
To quit this abode full of dissonance
But I beg you
Please never give up□
Till your last breath

April 17,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

The Beauty Of Misery

Hey!

My little sparkling eyes
Untainted dreams of innocence
Sleep my tarnished hopes
I know not a lullaby
Sleep my only strength
I know not a rebellion

You know me

My dear friend
I'm just an ordinary human
A mere homeless in our motherland

The surges of my juvenile blood
Hold on my beauty of mind
Stop this killing of your own flesh
Handsome blood of our youth
Playing in the scorching sun
Singing the melodies of unwanted pain
Kissing the lips of unseen misery

The curse of being a human
The tragedy of your brotherhood
The beauty of our common misery
Crying for a little cuddle
Pleading for the real justice
Pining for a healing touch

Hey, You!

My so called brother
You still thinking
Come forward and hold me
In the stretch of your blessed arms
I'm the son of your own soil
I'm the daughter of your motherland
I'm the beauty living in misery
I'm the homeless in my own homeland

P.S. Written for the IDPs (Internally Displaced Persons) of Malakand Division.
At Shah Mansoor Camp (Sawabi) for the IDPs.
May 29,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

The Beggar

In a super market
Hopes are for sale
50 % discount
On all kinds of goods
New or old
In-fashion or out-dated
All at a same and fixed price
No need to bargain
No worries of human error

Fine quality flour
Unmixed and untainted
Well-baked bread
Milky or brown
Olives, almonds and coconuts
Fine-looking and refined
Fruits, vegetables and cereals
Alluring and newly picked
Meat of all kinds and in all forms
Red or white
Raw or cooked
Halal or crucified
Anything you need
For your breakfast, lunch or dinner
Will be given to you
At a reduced price
What else you wish for?

A middle aged man looking like a beggar
Approaches the cash counter
Holding a small sized milky bread
In his right hand
How much for it Sir?
Just 10 Rupees
Sir
I only have 5 right now
My children are hungry
Kindly do me a favor
I'll be grateful to you

You filthy beggar
Don't you see?
We already selling at 50 % discount
And you asking for 50 % more
Put the bread back
And get lost

The so called beggar
Left in despair
And moved slowly
To the waterfront

Jan 04,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

The Best I Can Offer

The love of the fervent Qais
The passion of Jesus Christ
The sorrows of young Werther
The poignant lyrics of romantic Keats
The homesickness of Odysseus
The logic of great Socrates
The beauty of Queen Cleopatra
The genius of Albert Einstein
The healing touch of Hippocrates
The unrivaled valor of Achilles
The tragic revenge of prince Hamlet
The prophetic vision of William Blake
The lustful love of Aphrodite
The enlightened soul of Buddha
The divine love of Baba Bullhay Shah
And the eternal sleep of Endymion

All put together in this little heart of mine
Which I have scribbled on this blank paper
I have nothing more to offer You
To prove the purity of my love for You

March 04,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

The Paradise Found

Loner was I;
Crossing the cosmic oceans,
Of ignorance;
And the un-known lands,
Of self-dependence.

Forlorn or Accompanied,
Grieved or Ecstatic;
Deprived or Lucrative,
Tranquil or Frenzied;
Whatever,
I have had been just a loner.

I lost a child's Toy,
Belonged to a boy of four;
In a trance of pseudo-dementia,
And when I was redeemed with reminiscence;
I could only remember,
I threw it in the Atlantic.

He;
The little poor soul,
Looked at me with a mild-benign hope,
But I was shocked;
Because of the malignant fear.
The king of the Atlantic
Would kill me;
If I would tell this child,
What happened to the Toy of Innocence.
A child of age,
Merely four;
Can make the king and his oceans,
A cemetery of king's dead-soul.

Hey, little boy!
I lost what I owe you,
The Toy of Innocence and Truth;
I didn't care for it.
I thought, it is of no use;

I am so guilt-ridden,
Of what I did to you.

Dear Sir,
Don't worry that much;
You learned a lesson, now in repentance,
Never lose your innate-innocence, when in madness;
What had been common is still common;
It is just we care now, simply for our own abdomen.

Think and Feel;
When light touches your tender and fair skin,
Does it burn you or any of your kin?
Never has it done so;
It just gets mixed with the cells of your bones and body;
Makes them grow healthier and tidy.

Dear Sir,
Just Think and Feel;
Does God ever ask you?
To pay the bills,
Of the light and power He provides you;
On your vast oceans and soaring hills.
Then why you always stand still;
And think nothing but only,
Of your electricity bill.
And this all will vanish in a little short time,
That you know very well;
Then when would you get some time,
To discern and to know;
How to prevail over hell.

Dear Sir,
Pure Love, Mindfulness and Service to Humanity,
Are the three pearls of your soul;
Can give you back, your lost identity.

The way to the Paradise lost;
And the reality of God,
Which you have never known;
Can solely come through-
The passion of your heart alone.

Or you are not the man of heart;
Then forget your desires and think a lot.
Ponder on every myth;
Look for the hidden signs;
And find the peace eternally in prostration to God.

Still this is not of your best choice;
Work for all those men of God,
Who live with the misery of pain and price.
If you can calm one frenzied mind;
If you can free one enslaved body,
Or a penalized soul;
If you can quench one burning pain,
"You shall not live in vain."

Nov 06,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

The Pinnacle Of Creativity

Eat my little dream
Like a forbidden fruit
And tell me
How it tastes like?
Sour, sweet, bitter or awful
Tell me in the straight and plain language
As I am not in the mood of unraveling your
Fancy lyrical metaphors
Decorated with artificiality
And irony
No more literary art
No more philosophy
Just speak to me in blunt words

You call yourself a poet
When you don't even know the art
When you don't even realize the obligation
Of being an oracle
The prophecies are just communicated
Without any conscious alteration
Or interpretation by lesser self
You can't refine or slice
The revealed Reality
You just have to tell me
The real Truth
In the same monotonous tone
It came to your
Psyche

Oct 11,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

The World Of Mine

Kamran!

No doubt should creep in your mind
No more illusionary dreams
No more delusional prophecies
No more third person hallucinations
No more abstracted realities
No more forbidden desires
No more love and lust
For false beauties and volatile wealth
No more hidden truth
Your tongue should speak
No more excruciating pain
Your soul should endure
No more
I plead
No more

You have been misjudged
Mistaken and mishandled
Why?
How?
Whatever-
You must not care
For these superficial minds
And shallow souls

You must not burn
The world of your inner true self
In the hell of impotent hearts
And
In the fire of heavenly desires
The world of yours
Would always remain yours
If you would not let anyone
Come closer to its boundary wall

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

There Is No Love

Facsimiles of Aphrodite, Psyche and Selene
Characters changed; personalities shifted
Faces blurred; bodies cyanosed

Hard copies of saints, nobles and philanthropists
Intentions corrupted; benefits relinquished
Hopes burnt; smokes inhaled

It has been more than three decades now
Still I couldn't find the thing called Love
Today I chewed my mind over it for hours
But couldn't find a logic behind this famine

Absence of love in life
Can be an individual
Or universal ambiance
You agree or not
Yet I would say
Life's like that

Feb 05,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Thou Shall Not Kill

(The Sixth Commandment by God given to Moses on the Mount Sinai)

Gaza

Crying, burning, bleeding and stripping
In front of the God Himself
On the soil of the supreme holiness
On the land of the universal benevolence

Human form transforming
To ravenous beasts
Mighty eating the meek
Today
Cruelty is at its peak

What can be the cause?
Where we went wrong?
Where God was dropped?
Intentionally or accidentally
In the dark sea
Of our lustful desires

Oil, money, land, skins, power
And the man-made religion
Burning in our heads
And
The children of the holy land
Bleeding to death

Jan 11,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Timeless Me

a breathless soul
flying opposite direction
to the wind of time
a dehydrated leaf of me
blown with an irrational hope
that it would reach her feet

weary and crushed
the hope of hundreds of thousand
is traveling a useless time machine
reliving second hand minutes
retrieved from left over periods of time
borrowed from incoherent chronometers

the hope never died
the dehydrated leaf of me
never lodged for a single second
kept on flying even shattered
annihilated the flow of time
albeit never reached the destination

Oct 10,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

To Innocence

I think, think and think
what I get in the end
a tray full of ash
and a room full of psychedelic smoke

The age of innocence
pure and serene
no delusional perceptions
no suicidal ideations
and no dysphoric trances

That was the unrivaled time of my life
I miss you Naïveté
I miss you with all my heart
I hate this period of intelligence
I hate this highly rated hour

Please come back
Innocence
my life is craving for your arms
please be my pillow once more
and take me to the underworld of oblivion
for ever

April 11,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

To Me

I am NOT in the mood
Of making anyone feel special
NOT doing any more favors
For free
Neither telling glittery lies
Dipped in the scents
Of chocolaty desires
Nor asked by the Health Minister
To write his Polio Day speech

I am writing this
To Me
For Me
By Me

Kamran!
You were NOT born for this
What you are into
Why you have compelled yourself
To live a life of a Commoner
When everybody here knows
That you are NOT
You were born for a purpose
Then
Why you are trying to lure
Minds of these ignorant people
With fancy and fake poetry
These people have lustful minds
No matter how much you do
They would ask for more

Kamran!
This is a humble advice
Please don't argue
And just follow
What is being told to you
These men and women
Of today's illusionary world
Can't cook

The recipe
Of your lamenting mind
They can't digest
Too much of Reality
They are not used to listen
Poignant symphony of lost love
Orchestrated by the divine fingers
Of none other than God Himself

So please
Stop barking now
In the deaf ears
Of juvenile minds,
Blemished hearts
And shallow souls
Instead
Observe the silence
For a while
As this is NOT the right time
To break the shocking news
So please
Say no more

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

To My Motherland

Sun was in the east
Still light couldn't touch my mother's eyes
I was continuously blaming myself
As I thought
I was the reason for this darkness
Hey mom
Please wake up
Look
Who's here?
Its moonlight
Wants to say something
Please ask her to take me to moon
You promised mom
When she would be here
You will request her
To take me to moon
Moonlight can take me very easily
But
Why is she denying me?
She shouldn't
Please beg her for me
Why you still sleeping
Please wake up...

The night you took me to
A nearest meadow
We sat for hours on a wooden bench
It was broken though
Still we were so comfortable
It was full moon right above our little heads
The sky was full of twinkling stars
That night we both went up the sky
And took some rest
On the soil of gorgeous moon
I was so in heaven
Your velvety lap
Was a soothing balm
For my troubled head
O' my sweet mom

I can never forget that glorious night

Today you are not with me

I am all alone in this land of lunatics

They call me abnormal and weird

Am I so?

Mom,

I wet my pillow with useless tears

Every night

Then

When I wake up after restless sleep

I again have tears all over my mind

And I am always nervous for the future of your soil

When I gaze at each new sun-set

Every dying day

Mom

What will happen?

This fear would not let me live

I want to ask you something

Please do it for me

I know you will

Please ask this moonlight to take me to moon

I can't stand this fear

I can't stand this humiliation

I just can't...

Hey son,

I think you should not leave our soil

Can't you see me

Walking beside you

Holding an umbrella in my right hand

And saving you from scorching sunlight

Can't you feel my divine touch

Whenever you bow your head

In prostration to God

Can't you hear me orating for you

Whenever you get dumb from humiliation

Son

Don't be afraid

It would get better

You just need to keep shouting

Your patriotic heart

In every person's deaf ear
Actually they are not deaf
They just pretend to be
This soil is worth
Millions of litres of pure blood
You have to bleed too
Don't fear my child
You got to live here
I know your present is tormenting
Each moment is full of agony
But son
You must suffer
And you must bleed
To make this soil fertile for everyone
I know
It would never be easy
But you are my son
And you are not alone
Billions more would speak your heart
Just don't give up
And please don't leave me
I assure you
I'll be with you always...

Sep 05,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

To Philippa Lane

I thought
I have been travelling these
Untrodden paths
All alone
I never acknowledged; you were there
Always heard you as a common name
Echoing in my little-lateral brain
Endorsed by my Psychiatrist that it is fake
Proving it to be a first-rank symptom
Just to establish a working diagnosis
And wrote ample pills to quench my throat
Only to validate a new hypothesis
Is my life a hypothetical situation too?
If it is
Then how come
That echoing green
Has come to life once again
It is little late though
But
Never too late
Today
I can proudly decree
I have not lived in vain
You have not lived in vain
We have not lived in vain

Oct 19,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

To This World Of Dying Humanity

The starter was served awfully before than-
You arrived;
The end is way afar yet.
And you have already relinquished;
All your days of juvenile hopes,
And all your nights of wet dreams.

Strippers, Dancers and Hookers,
Crying,
While awake or asleep;
Money, Money and Money...
Professors, Doctors and Philosophers,
Whispering,
In the ears of their confused minds;
Money, Money and Money...
Priests, Pandits and Sheikhs,
Praying,
In the abodes of their delusional holiness;
Money, Money and Money...
Artists, Poets and Thinkers,
Talking,
To an imagery of their animated desires;
Money, Money and Money...
Revolutionists, Extremists and Politicians,
Shouting,
In the minds of the naive adolescence;
Money, Money and Money...

Hey,
Why are you saying so?
Are you out of your mind?
Are you not one of us?
Hey,
We got you;
You penniless filth,
You say things about Money;
When,
Can't get it any more...
Before,

You were like us;
Crying, whispering, praying, talking and shouting for
Money, Money and Money...

Listen to me;
My brothers and sisters,
For I would not speak again.
I,
Who is one like you;
Is no different,
From your own flesh and blood.
Which runs through your veins,
And which you don't even mind to eat;
When ravenous.

Lend me your ears;
My brothers and sisters,
For I would not speak again.
Do not misjudge me,
And do not deny me;
As I am one of you.
This world is a false metaphor;
Created millions of years back,
With the darkness of Light.
An examination venue,
Designed like a ball room;
Where men and women,
Come; make pairs, dance and leave.
But before leaving;
They are acknowledged with a testimony,
Of their orgasmic love;
In the form of the angelic divinity.

Men and Women of our mother earth;
Here creeps an illusive ambiguity-
If we all were angels once;
And if we were nothing,
But a part of eternal divinity-
Then,
Why we have become devils today?
Needs, Desires, Beliefs, Hatreds, and underneath all;
Our Ego...

I am neither a prophet nor a saint,
I am like you, just an ordinary man;
I know nothing,
Except the internal fact;
And that is what you fear to listen-
If you can kill your Ego,
For another man or woman;
If you can sacrifice your inner-self,
For the sake of the other soul;
You can salvage,
The Spirit Forfeited;
And you can retrieve,
The Paradise Lost;
On this planet of living misery,
And in this world of dying humanity.

Nov 24,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Touch Of Rain

Ice is melting from the eyes of grey sky
Caressing the raw flesh over my frail chest
This rain has made me decree
Without any fear of being mistaken
By the juvenile minds and budding hearts
"Like the touch of rain she was"

March 03,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

True Religion

My hands are trembling so badly
This is definitely the fear
Of three little words
Which have been crying for centuries
To be written on a blank paper
Many a time
Numerous poets and lovers
Wrote these words innumerable times
Dipped in blood
Scented with sweat
Adorned with tears
Just
Three little words....

Today
I am so sure
So enlightened
So pure and so free...
As I have found key answer to all
Burning questions of my skeptical mind
The answer lives in
Just
Three little words...

"I Love You"

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Turn Your Ear To My Heart's Symphony

You gave birth to a little soul,
Who died the same moment,
You conceived it in your womb.
The deceased was nothing but a melody,
Orchestrated by the Creator Himself.
Can you listen to the dying notes once more?
Of the unheard song...
Can you feel the pain once again?
Of the unsaid words...
Can you re-live the life?
Of the unlived one...
It's all due to our love for the unloved germs,
Which is making our souls infected...
We are all close to the extinction of our holy spirits,
Only because,
We fear to listen;
And we have nothing to say...

Speak,
Before your tongues get palsied...
Listen,
Before Chopin, Beethoven and Mozart of this era,
Would be dead again...
I have composed a quartet,
For your fatigued ears;
Listen fastidiously and suffer the agony,
And then think twice,
Before listening to it again...
If you have a heart to lose;
Then,
Turn your ear to my heart's symphony...

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Untitled

Catch the hints of the tongue I speak,
My accent narrates a true story;
I am crying the rivers of a fateful land,
You are breathing the aroma of Garden of Eden.

You say, it is a forbidden fruit,
I want to eat it every single day;
When you kiss my name with your fervent lips,
I smile with tearful eyes and laugh with a hopeless cry.

What we want matters to none,
What fate decides is the matter of fact;
You tell me this every single day,
You even forget it was planned by God.

Wherever I live, I would live in your heart,
My words never speak false emotions;
I am a man of Truth; I would live for years,
It matters not you deny me today.

Who am I to say all this
Garbage of my useless heart;
I am nothing, but some ambiguous words
Woven in a futile poem remained untitled.

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Walking Dead

Crack in my tea cup
Leads to the land of semi-permeable dreams
Got to live another night
On this barren soil of shared delusions
Adherent to my mind
Abhorrent to my heart
We all are likewise
Yet at poles apart
Me with myself
Repellent yet compliant
Walking with head down
Died years back still pacing with time
Wandering like a vagabond
On the well known streets of Lahore
The city of lively people
Mocking at my fossilized corpse

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Who Will Bell The Cat?

Lights of unknown desire,
Making me blind-
I was a very ordinary man,
Before I drank the river of Lethe;
I drank whole of it,
Drop by drop;
It penetrated my veins,
Like an injection of Heroin,
Still I could see lucid dreams,
Each day and each night...

What should be done?
Who will bell the cat?
Who will find the way for Odysseus?
There is no Adam left,
In the colonized streets of Gotham City...
Stories of Abraham and Joseph are lost,
In the mist of adulterous time...
Where are the Khidher and Moses of this era?
Where are Ram, Buddha, Jesus and Muhammad?
Who will be the Messiah?
In this plagued global village...

May 20,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Whole Story

My pillow can tell you the
Whole story
I cry, cry and cry
That is the portrait of my life
Without you

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Why Do I Love Thee?

When I was asked
Why do I love?
I was silent for a while
Then reciprocated
With my modest eyes
And said
I love you
Because I was born to love you

You called me a Liar
"A True Liar"
Now
I reaffirm this to myself
Every time I speak the Truth

Dec 19,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Would You Write?

Hold on for a second
Before writing a single word on this page
Hold on my dear so called poet
Hold on

My love, my pain
The strife, the gain
Or the world behind my eyes
What would you write?

Would you metaphorize my paining self?
Or would just add a little spice of fake fantasies
I can't figure out, how should I survive?
And here you are marketing your heart for nothing

Dear poet of my own self
You are talking to deaf and dumb
Even yourself seem a hypocrite
You might be a good orator
But here money is the best expression
You might know how to love
But here love is sold in pennies
You think you can change the world
When you are not allowed to change your own self

I know, you won't stop
Would keep on living a dual life
Would continue writing your heart on paper
Though all the time you know
It's the futility in disguise

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

Writing Poetry

Writing poetry
Was just an excuse to my
Failed dreams

Still it helped me
In knowing myself

Dec 07,2008

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

You

My heart bends at a right angle,
Whenever you are in the limbic system
Of my artistic mind.

The unknown goddess of love,
You were made to love and to be loved;
Today you are nothing,
But my unfulfilled dream.

The unseen beauty queen of this lost world,
You live in the dreams of millions
You swim in the eyes of painters
You flow in the words of poets
You grow in the logics of philosophers;
I am nothing but one of them.

My love might mean nothing,
Yet I decree;
I love you more than any living being
Could ever imagine of loving you.

May 07,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari

You Said, "i Love You"

A little puppy
Crying and hankering for milk
A naked misery
Lamenting and beseeching for mercy
An oblivious soul
Reminiscing and marketing his lost memories
And a dejected lover
Sitting at your feet silently and invisibly
Yearning to hear three magical words
In your silky voice

"I love you"

You uttered those words flawlessly
In a fraction of second
And for your lover it was a lifetime
Of waning euphoria and perpetuating heartaches
Rising like the holy smoke
From the ashes of his burnt soul
Falling like the dried hopes
From the overloaded tree of sporadic love
Scented with the blood of assassinated hearts
Dipped in the intangible dreams of chocolaty desires
Amalgamated with the tears of severance
And coated with the bliss of consummation

Feb 04,2009

Dr Kamran Haider Bukhari